



THE

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SPECIAL NOTICES.

All communications relating to the support of Stations, or any other special work in France, or to the formation of Auxiliaries to the American McAll Association, should be addressed to the President, Mrs. Mariné J. Chase, 1624 Locust Street, Philadelphia, Penn.

All remittances except those for literature should be payable to Miss Frances Lea, Treasurer, 1624 Locust Street, Philadelphia, Penn.

☛ All remittances for literature should be made payable to THE AMERICAN McALL ASSOCIATION and addressed to Mrs. J. C. Bracq, Room 21, 1710 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Penn.

All orders for literature and all general correspondence should be addressed to Mrs. J. C. Bracq, General Secretary, at the Bureau of the American McAll Association, Room 21, 1710 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Penn.

Communications to the Rev. J. C. Bracq, Representative Secretary, should be addressed to the Bureau as above.

The Seventh Annual Meeting of the Association will take place at Boston, April 23 and 24. The public meeting will be held the evening of the 23d. We refer our readers to the editorial upon this subject which does not over-estimate the importance of Auxiliaries sending delegates to the Annual Meetings.

Friends in charge of clubs for the *Record*, please note. Subscriptions will be received for the second half of the year (July and October numbers), at half-yearly rates, if sent before June 1. This will enable those who did not have time to complete their lists in December to do so before the year closes.

Rev. J. C. Bracq, our Representative Secretary, has just returned from an extended tour among the Auxiliaries of the Interior and Southwestern States. Everywhere friends welcomed him to speak of the cause, and he feels that it was the most successful tour which he has made westward. Would that Auxiliaries might be multiplied in that portion of our country.

We take great pleasure in giving welcome to our latest born Auxiliary of Bellefonte, Pa., and we look for growth and prosperity.

We also rejoice in the formation of the Auxiliary at Harrisburg, Pa., and look for much aid from that city of influence. We bid our friends welcome and bespeak for them much success in the work which they have undertaken.

It is with profound sorrow that we record the death, February 23d, of Miss Laura Sunderland, the able and devoted Secretary of the Washington Auxiliary.

Miss Sunderland was one of the earliest friends of the Mission. It was through her energetic and enthusiastic efforts that the Washington Auxiliary was formed, and her gifts of mind and spirit have been the mainspring of power in its continued prosperity, so much so that her coadjutors feel her loss to be irreparable.

Miss Sunderland was one of the constituents in the organization of the American McAll Association and has continued to be its devoted friend and helper. In her death we have lost a friend ever consistent in all her counsels and consequently most highly valued. Brilliant, attractive, and beautiful in spirit, many friends mourn her loss. May others be raised up to fill the vacancy made by her death in the prime of her useful life.

Another of the valuable friends of the cause has passed to her reward.

Mrs. Peyton Harrison, late President of the Baltimore Auxiliary and Vice President, representing Maryland, of the American McAll Association, died suddenly in Paris in September last.

Mrs. Harrison was highly esteemed by all who knew her. Her loss is most deeply felt in Baltimore where her extensive charities have left indelible impressions upon the hearts of those who were the recipients of her benefactions.

Our friends of the Baltimore Auxiliary have been doubly afflicted in the removal by death of two such leaders as Mrs. J. Carey Thomas and Mrs. Harrison, and they have our heartfelt sympathy in their bereavement.

THE ANNUAL MEETING A SOURCE OF POWER.

Do our Auxiliaries at all realize how important it is to their growth and power that they should keep up an intimate connection between themselves and the Association? And do they understand that this can best be accomplished by sending delegates to the Annual Meeting? Even the stronger Auxiliaries,—and strength is not always to be reckoned by the number of members,—have in general a very inadequate notion of this wonderful work in which they are engaged. They have their own *salle*, their own activities of various kinds in some quarter of Paris, or some town in the provinces, they receive letters from their Missionary or their Bible reader, they are intensely interested in the work as they know it, and willing, perhaps, to make some sacrifice for its furtherance. But even these stronger Auxiliaries,—much less the weaker ones which do equally valuable work in contributing to the general fund, but have no particular tie to any branch of the work—how much do any of them know of this wonderful work as a whole; how many of them have any large view of what the McAll Mission is to France, both in its religious and in its social condition; how many of them have an adequate notion of the relative place and importance of their own special branch of the work?

It is only in the Annual Meetings that this large and all-round view of the work can be gained. The Association is far other than a mere clearing house of donations and contributions; it is far more than simply the sum of all the Aux-

iliaries which compose it. As a community, a church, a mob, is something vastly more than the sum of the individuals which make it up ; as in each there is power, for good or evil, measurably greater than may be found by adding up the power of all its members, and distinctly different from that, so it is with our Association. It is a fountain of knowledge, a centre of power, a source of enthusiasm such as we may look in vain to find elsewhere ; and it is at the Annual Meetings that this power, this knowledge, this enthusiasm become the strength and inspiration of those Auxiliaries who send delegates to it.

It is for this reason that no Auxiliary can afford to let a year go by without sending at least one delegate to the Annual Meeting. Even when the meeting is distant and the Auxiliary feeble or small, the advantage to be gained is great enough to warrant the expense, provided no delegate is in a position to bear her own expenses. The knowledge she will bring back, the impulse to work, the sense of power which comes from realizing the solidarity of her Auxiliary with the whole body of societies which form the Association, are needed all the more in proportion as the Auxiliary is weak and poor ; and they would, with hardly an exception, be the means of building up that Auxiliary to a degree which would well repay the expense. Much more should all the Auxiliaries which are near make a special point of sending the full number of delegates to the meeting ; for they will find the gain to their work to be very great in proportion to the expense.

The Annual Meeting of this year is almost at hand. On the 23d and 24th of this month it will convene in Boston. Shall we not have a large representation from our many New England Auxiliaries ? And will not even our distant branches, those in the West and South, make a strong effort to send a representative ? The moment is one of imminent importance in France. The condition of the Mission, the opportunities

opening before it, the rewards it is already reaping, the possible hindrances of the future, all call upon us for especial activity in the coming year. We need all the power we can gain from our conference, from mutual encouragement, from a wider knowledge, from a more glowing zeal. Let us then come together in numbers such as no Annual Meeting has yet seen, and warm both hands, and our hearts as well, before the fire which will there be kindled.

A LADY WORKER'S VISIT TO AMERICA.

It was on the 12th September, 1888, that I found myself tossing about on the wide ocean that separates the "Old" World from the "New"; not alone, but in the loving charge of Mrs. Chase and Miss Lea, president and treasurer of the "American McAll Association," whose invitation, endorsed by the Paris Committee of Directors, I had accepted, to put before the American Auxiliaries details of the mission work in France, and to stir up interest therein.

By means of the admirable organization of the "American Association"—organization which might in many of its features be copied with advantage in England—the able president traced out for me a complete and successful "Plan of Campaign," extending from Boston, on the east coast, to the city of St. Louis, west central; and from the Canadian frontier to Louisville, Kentucky, south. Leaving the beautiful "home" in Philadelphia, to which my American "sisters" had led me, and which was to me a *real* "home" during my sojourn in America, I accompanied Mrs. Chase, after a short repose, on a month's tour in "New England" and the adjoining States, and then on 1st December started off alone on what was called my "Grand Tour," from Philadelphia to Buffalo on Lake Erie, round by the beautiful lake cities to Chicago, St. Louis and Louisville, where, after resting some

days in the hospitable home of Colonel and Mrs. Andrew Cowan, I turned my face homeward from Pittsburgh, the last day of the old year.

North, south, east and west, with Mrs. Chase, or quite alone, I found ever the same eager interest in the French people and in the work of the Mission,—an interest that had been awakened by those who had gone before me; that had been fomented and encouraged by the ability of the president and central directing committee; by the unremitting labors of the secretaries, the Rev. J. C. and Mrs. Bracq; by the energy of the local boards; and by the circulation of the excellent literature of the Association. My field had been prepared for me and truly “I had entered into other men’s labors.” No powers of oratory were needed to secure the attention or enlist the goodwill of my hearers. A quiet statement of facts,—a few simple incidents, an earnest appeal to their sympathies as lovers of Christ, lovers of souls, and lovers of France,—and my work was done. Hearts were ready, and hands stretched out, to bless the messenger who brought the glad tidings that the Gospel was being faithfully preached in capital and provinces—in halls and homes and hospitals; that all classes were lending a willing ear, and that “the power of the Lord had been present to heal” in numberless instances, showing His acceptance of the gifts and labors of love of America and her sister, England—copartners in the great work.

Often with tearful eye and trembling lips and grasp of hand, were assurances given me of more earnest prayer, of continued, nay, greater effort to support and extend the work I came to tell about; for the cause of God among the French people is especially dear to thousands of Christian hearts in America. They never seemed weary of hearing about the work and, indeed, I could not accept all the invitations to speak in the various cities I visited, and in others “afar off,”

for my sojourn was limited. Many a time after talking for an hour or more, the reply to my apologies for so long a "sitting," was, "Oh, please go on, it is so interesting."

A lady "deputation," imported "from Paris direct" might as a *rara avis*, have drawn some from curiosity; but it was a deeper feeling than curiosity that drew together so many to listen to an unknown speaker. Whether in the magnificent churches and beautiful "chapels" of religious and intellectual centres, like Philadelphia, Boston, Brooklyn, Baltimore, Washington, Cleveland (where Mrs. Garfield, widow of the ex-President, presided), Hartford, Providence; in the elegant drawing-rooms of New York, Louisville, Indianapolis, Rochester, etc.; in the public halls of Detroit, Milwaukee, Chester, Springfield, Dayton; in commercial centres like Chicago, Pittsburgh and St. Louis; in cities like New Britain, Newark, New Haven and many others; among the lady students at colleges, or health seekers at sanitariums; in city and suburb, from Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Congregationalist, Baptist and "Friend," I found the same cordial welcome, the same deep interest, and the same loving encouragement. Collections I did not ask for. I had come only to meet the demand for information, while striving to make new friends; but I was often solicited to take an "offering." I remember with pleasure a gift I received at the pretty town of Milwaukee, on Lake Michigan. After a meeting at the Y. M. C. A. Hall, a workman came up to me rather shyly, and pushing a piece of paper into my hand, said, "God bless you, madam, in your work. I may never see you again, so please take this for the Mission." I expected to find a dollar note (4s.), but it was a five dollar note (£1), a large sum for a poor man to give.

Passing rapidly, as I did, from city to city, sometimes arriving just in time to meet the assembled audiences, and

then off again by night train to another destination, I could not fully judge of the results attained,—reports and subscriptions being sent in to headquarters at Philadelphia ; but they seemed satisfied that contact with a “ living worker ” from the field had done good.

And now, a word as to my “ independent tour ” to Canada early in February, through the Swiss scenery of the beautiful Lehigh Valley to Clifton Sanitarium for a rest, and from thence slipping over the border to pay a visit to our friends and supporters in Toronto. Warm was the reception I got in that snowy land, where I could unfortunately only abide three days, speaking twice (once at the rooms of the theological college, where Sir Daniel Wilson, the Principal, presided). To Hamilton, Woodstock, Quebec, and Montreal, I could not get as I had hoped, as I was due in Philadelphia for the annual meeting of the delegates from the auxiliaries, at which enthusiastic gathering, after addresses by Mrs. Chase and Dr. Pierson, the sum of £600 was promised in the room for our special work in the Exposition. But I was much impressed by the earnestness and energy of our Canadian friends, and hope for a great extension of the work through their efforts.

As to our future prospects in America, with the hearty goodwill and support of such men as Bishop Whipple, “ the Indian Apostle,” Bishop Whittaker, Dr. Chamberlain, Dr. Pierson, and so many other eminent servants of God, and with all the self-denial, efforts and daily prayers of thousands of Christians in that mighty territory, what may we not hope for with the blessing of our God upon us!

I had gone to the States for two months and remained seven ; so in the spring, just as the maples began to blush, and the first “ blue bird ” was seen darting through the budding willows on the lovely banks of the Delaware and Susquehanna Rivers, I reluctantly bade adieu to my dear Philadelphia friends, and “ shipped ” on board the *Britannic*, bound for

Liverpool, carrying with me much gratitude for the courteous hospitality of my numerous hosts and hostesses, and much thankfulness to my God who had kept me from all the perils of the way.

E. H. MOGGRIDGE.

In Boston and Washington and several other places, our friend and co-worker, Miss A. Johnstone, also addressed the meetings.

E. H. M.

Our friend, Miss Moggridge, is very modest, in saying that she only needed "tell the story," but we think the Auxiliaries will bear us witness that our friend told the story in such an intelligent and attractive manner that *it was* irresistible.

M. J. C.

"Of the McAll Mission in Paris the eulogy on the Thesalonians by the Apostle of the Gentiles may be suitably applied; namely, 'that in every place your faith to God-ward is spread abroad, so that we need not to speak anything.' In Paris alone thirty [forty] halls are connected with this movement, and upwards of ninety-five mission halls are scattered in the cities and towns of the French Republic. A well trained staff of Evangelists are preaching 'all the words of this life.' With fervency may the supplication be raised that the beloved land of Guizot, Monod, Bersier, and Pressensé will again exhibit the steadfastness of the Huguenot forefathers who heroically contended for the faith that was once delivered to the saints."

REV. JAMES JOHNSON, A. S. A.

Sunday School Times.

The erection recently in Paris of a monument commemorative of Admiral Coligny, was suggestive of a great change in the attitude of the world toward freedom of opinion. Formerly the French Government could not tolerate the existence of a Huguenot; now it is ready to do him honor.

"THE MOST BEAUTIFUL SIGHT AT THE EXPOSITION."
(EXTRACTS FROM LETTER FROM MR. SOLTAU TO THE CHICAGO
AUXILIARY.)

One of the workers, who holds a position under Government, was lately traveling and found himself in Lyons. At the table d'hôte a lady was conversing upon her visit to the Exposition. "And what do you think was the most beautiful sight I saw there?" she said. Various answers were suggested: "The Eiffel Tower," "the Luminous Fountains," "Machinery Hall," etc., etc. "No, none of these," said she. "It was not exactly in the Exposition, but just outside. At the Porte Rapp I found a Salle de Conférence. It was also a place where Bibles and excellent books and tracts were sold. It was opened by a benevolent Christian Englishman, and meetings were held there daily. I was deeply touched by what I heard, and I wrote down the name of the excellent foreigner in my pocket-book. It was Mr. McAll. That hall was the most beautiful thing I saw at the Exposition."

A lady from Holland came into the Trocadéro Hall and received much good there. She has since been busy collecting among her friends, and has already forwarded over 700 francs to the Mission.

One very interesting testimony has been given by all those who have been engaged in the work the past summer, and that is the marked evidence of respect for religious things. Tracts and Gospels have been received with gratitude in a way that they never were before. The gospel seems truly to have gained a place for itself in France beyond the hopes of those who have been long praying for this result. I remember that when, five years ago, a book appeared, the very name of which was enough ("Le Blasphème"), M. Réveillard remarked that the high-water mark of blasphemy and atheism had been reached, and soon the tide would turn, and turn it has in a wonderful way.

W. SOLTAU.

THE MAISON BONAR.

The Bonar Home has a band of six lady workers under its roof this winter. A great blank, however, has been made in our circle by the marriage of Miss Matheson, who has so long been our "house-mother." She has left her Paris home for one in England, where, as Mrs. Matheson, she holds an important place beside her honored husband.

As it may interest some of our friends in America, let me recall some of the interests and occupations of the inhabitants of the Home, beginning with Sunday morning. At 8.30 o'clock we all meet for prayers (in French and English) and breakfast. At 9.30 o'clock two of our number go to Sunday-school at Salle Beach, where our young Bible woman, Mlle. A., a convert of the Mission, and one or two other friends help in the teaching of the children. The rest of our party scatter to different places of worship, to the Eglise de l'Avenue de la Grande Armée, the English Church at Neuilly, the American Chapel or M. Saillen's Church, at the Rue St. Denis (which service, however, has lately been changed to the afternoon). At noon we gather again for dinner, after which sandwiches are prepared for one or two who go to distant stations and do not return until night. By 1 o'clock Miss W. is already on the wing for St. Denis, followed a few minutes later by Miss P., who goes to the Ménilmontant school at 3 P. M., after which she goes outside of Paris to Pantin, where she has another school at 5 P. M., returning to Ménilmontant for the evening. Miss Drummond, our American lady worker, leaves at 2 P. M. for Salle New York, where she has charge of the hall for services at 3 P. M. and 8 P. M., taking a "group" of women at the adult school at 4 P. M. Miss Binney starts from the Home at 2.30 P. M. for the Sunday-school at Avenue Bosquet. Occasionally one of us has a Bible reading at the Home for French Servants. It

was founded by one of the members of our Ladies' Committee, and is situated in the same street as the "Bonar Home." This is at 2.30 P. M., and at 4 P. M. Miss C. and Miss A. are respectively due at Rapp and Trocadéro Salles. Most successful meetings have been held daily in these halls during the six Exhibition months, and we still have very good Sunday afternoon gatherings there. Thus our busy Home has its Sunday rest. Our good "bonne" Kathrine, who deserves an honorable mention in this letter, goes also to her Sunday "réunion" at Salle Philadelphia. Here, as you know, Mr. and Mrs. McAll are generally to be found, and here a goodly number of workers meet at 5.30 P. M. to partake of the simple mission fare provided in this Salle. Before starting for their evening meeting, a short prayer-meeting is held in English. About 9.30 P. M. the inhabitants of the Home begin to drop in from their various posts, each with her story of the day's experiences, and very ready for the refreshment and rest of supper and bed. On week-nights there is often one or another of our workers at home, whose duty and pleasure it is to receive and care for the others as they come in from work. Our mornings, up to 12 o'clock, are filled with home occupation—study, writing, or any little personal business, and our Home prayer meetings after "French culte" is a precious opportunity for asking blessings on our various interests in the mission work. The afternoons are filled with visits, mothers' meetings, Bible classes, dispensary work twice a week, and on Thursdays children's meetings in many different quarters. Coming in, as we do, from sometimes six different parts of Paris, we know a good deal of what is going on in the various departments of the work. Saturday evening is our free night, and those of us who are at home pass it in company in our pretty *salon*, and sometimes receive the visits of other friends in the Mission.

I wish some of our friends so interested in the work could drop in to hear the many details that are recounted to each other as we meet, a happy, united party, after our day's work. Miss D. tells of a far-off visit to a dear Christian, converted long ago at Belleville, and who comes occasionally to our dispensary. Some neighbors reproached her by saying that the Bible was not to be believed; how could it be true when there were such statements in it as "Ye must be born again," etc. The good woman patiently explained to them the passage (one day when they had met to discuss the question), and so witnessed to the power of the Saviour that the most vehement opposer went away acknowledging that it must be right after all.

Miss P., arriving from Pantin one night, tells us of a tiny child who asked her to go home with her to see her father, who was very ill. "Yes, dear, I will come on Tuesday, my visiting day." "Oh, but he may not live till then," and the little wistful face wins the day. Miss P. goes and finds a poor weary form far gone in consumption. He is pleased to see "la dame de la conférence" (though she is new to the district), and tells how he used to attend the meetings. He seemed somewhat to understand the way of salvation, and we trust he has more fully grasped the truth. The prayer offered for a good night's rest having been answered, an impression had seemed to be made on the heart of the mother when Miss P. renewed her visit some days later.

Madame Gaudry, at the dispensary, told with some satisfaction that her husband was suffering rather severely from rheumatism, and she had great hopes that he might be obliged to come to consult "Monsieur le docteur," and thus hear something of the gospel which had become so precious to his wife. Her hopes were realized, in so far as the coming to the consultation was concerned, we trust to be followed by the poor man's coming to the Saviour.

Miss C. had to stay home another day to await the visit of a man just out of prison, for whose journey home to Germany she had received the money from his family. He failed to appear, but the next day, when at the dispensary, the ladies received his visit, and he had the opportunity of hearing the gospel along with the sick folk. His wife, an American, who with him committed a theft at the Louvre two years ago, was converted in prison and got free six months sooner than her husband on account of her good conduct. He expressed gratitude for what had been done for his wife, and promised to begin a new life. We hope through the prayers and example of his sweet little wife he may also become a new creature in Christ Jesus. Our Bible woman, Mlle. Wagner, visited his family in Germany this summer, when taking home his wife, and was the means of the conversion of his mother, a pious Roman Catholic.

A lovely photograph of a German picture representing the return of the prodigal son was sent to our Home the other day by a French lady in Holland. She had this summer been brought to the Saviour, through a visit to the Trocadéro Salle, while passing through Paris. Our friend, Miss W., was much blessed in conversation with her, and out of gratitude this little gift was sent, with the request that the picture might be put in Miss W.'s room, on a tiny easel, against her return after an absence from Paris of some weeks.

Our young Bible woman, Mlle. Alleray, chiefly employed in this quarter (Ternes) in visiting the sick of the dispensary, looks in at the Home from day to day, to report her visits and receive directions. She is giving satisfaction by her earnest, cheerful service.

Gifts for our many Christmas trees and the poor are beginning to come in for the Christmas season.

We are always glad to receive such, as claims come in from

many quarters. Our Christmas is to be enlivened this year by a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Matheson, who count on passing a fortnight at the Home, and visiting Mrs. M.'s much-loved Paris work and friends.

We shall gladly welcome any American friends who may be passing some time in Paris, or who may wish to devote their time to helping in our work. Always busy and sometimes weary, we find it a very bright and happy life, knowing that we are being used as the instruments of "Him whose we are and whom we serve." MARGARET COLDSTREAM.

[M. Cheradame, who has charge of the Stations at Cette, Beziers, and Montpellier, sends us the following extracts from letters written by attendants at the McAll halls in these cities.]

"The work of the McAll Mission is one of the finest that has been founded for the good of souls, and we think we can speak on behalf of all the regular attendants of the hall when we say that it has already done much for the advancement of the kingdom of God in our town of Cette.

"I am happy, and I think it is my duty to tell you how satisfied I am with the meetings. One must have but little of the spirit of the Gospel, or rather, be quite destitute of it, were it otherwise. For my part, I have received much good, and I give glory to God for it, praying Him with all my heart and soul, that He would bless and help you by His Holy Spirit, to fulfil your task, which is a noble though laborious one. The McAll work is charity itself, and I admire it. How great must be the faith of that Christian man, to have produced such a great and holy work. And those American Christians, of whom you told us, who support it! What is their object, if not to save souls that are perishing? May God bless them! May we be worthy of their help; and let us seek to open another or several halls."

WORKING WOMEN AND GIRLS.

FROM MADAME DALENCOURT

(Paris Report, 1889.)

DEAR AND RESPECTED MR. MCALL:—Your large hall in the Rue Nationale, Gare d'Ivry, sent from heaven, one may almost say, into the midst of so much misery and vice, gives us hospitality four or five times a week; and we witness with joy the regenerating influence of the Spirit of God, which is more and more manifest. On Wednesdays we have there a meeting attended by 70 or 80 women. On Thursdays there is a sewing class, named the "School of Dolls," because each of our girls becomes the owner of a large doll, when she has completed its wardrobe! On Mondays the meeting for the blind is often conducted by one of our evangelists. Finally, on Tuesdays and Fridays, whilst the doctor attached to your dispensary is attending to the sick who come in crowds seeking physical relief, two members of our band (one of whom, a Swiss lady, is quite a pillar of this station) delighted to be able to help in your work, speak to the patients about their immortal souls, and about the Saviour who came to seek and to save that which was lost. Thus you see we have a large share in this hall at Gare d'Ivry, independently of your four meetings there.

Other good works (as that of temperance, etc.) also receive a warm welcome there. One may well say it is a "busy place," and assuredly it is not "busy" uselessly. Nowhere else do I see so many people, not only "well-disposed," but really having passed from the kingdom of Satan to that of God. The time is past when we could only hope to see them some day convinced of sin and accepting the Saviour; to-day a goodly number have answered to the call, and we can now exhort them to go out into the "highways and hedges" and invite the "sick and the blind, the halt and the lame" to the

supper of the Heavenly Father, speaking to them from their own experience.

I attribute this blessing, under God, first to the numerous laborers who are at work in the same district, each working towards the same end with different gifts and methods, whose persevering action ends by "driving the nail home"; then to the "unity of spirit" and bond of Christian love which exists between us and your workers. When the Lord grants us the joy of seeing the fruit ripen, which has, by His aid, been sown by one, and watered by another, none of us thinks of attributing the glory of it to any but to Him who alone "giveth the increase." Oh, that I could convince each one of my fellow-countrymen how much good it would do were they but to place themselves at your disposal if only one or two hours a week! It seems to me impossible that any excuse, whether of selfishness or of timidity, ought to avail, in the presence of the fact that you and your dear wife, though strangers to our country, yet, moved with compassion, like the Master, left all for *our* sheep without a shepherd!

My heart's desire, inspired by the thought of all the good resulting from your Mission in France, is, that a larger number may, as you have done, place themselves at the Lord's disposal; which, I believe, is the only way whereby we can honestly ask Him to "send forth laborers into His harvest."

Allow me to remind you, in closing, that a friend would be happy to help in establishing Mothers' Meetings or sewing classes for girls, in those of your halls where they do not already exist, especially in the country.

Please receive, dear sir, for yourself and Mrs. McAll, and all my foreign brethren and sisters, the expression of my profound and respectful gratitude.

J. DALENCOURT.

BOULOGNE-SUR-SEINE, January 7th, 1890.

A VISIT TO THE SOLDIERS' READING-ROOM,
MARSEILLES.

FROM M^{LLE}. STAHLECKER, EX-DIRECTRESS.

It is five o'clock in the afternoon. Twelve tables, small and large, scattered here and there in the hall, except at one end, are all ready for the readers who may chance to come in. On each are placed an inkstand, a box full of pens, an almanac, and a New Testament in large type, which, by its size, attracts attention. Papers and reviews are hanging from the bookshelves; on a small table are jugs of "coco," cool and fresh: all is ready.

At length a door opens. A soldier enters, salutes, and comes to ask most politely for a book, or for writing materials. Soon another comes, then ten, then twenty, till the hall is quite full. And when all the eighty places at the tables are taken, what is to be done?

Readers continue to arrive. The lady in charge persuades them to take a book while they are waiting for a vacant place at one of the tables, where everyone is writing. Unfortunately, at twenty years of age, patience is soon exhausted, especially among our southerners. The great problem of the evening is, how to overcome the selfishness of some and the impatience of others. Order is at length re-established; and absolute silence, so that you could hear a pin drop, reigns among all these gay uniforms, and the hundred or so of young men, all busily employed. Soon some of them lay down the pen; the letter home is finished. Alas! it does not take long to write it; in substance it usually runs as follows:—"My dear parents, send me some money." And now the question is, what can they do during the rest of the evening? The lady in charge waits to see who will come for a book. But there is one Book there, conspicuously lying on the table. That one "will do," they say. And for most of them, it is

indeed a *new* book ; so that it rarely happens that, once taken up, it is soon laid aside.

And if, as occurs about once a fortnight, a pastor or a friend from a distance comes to tell the glad tidings of salvation and to speak to the soldiers, the “ good Book ” is still more in demand.

One day, after an excellent friend from Geneva had given an earnest and original address, a young soldier, new to the barracks, said, “ It is true that we live like brutes, but to think of hearing a word like that ! It makes one reflect ! ”

But now the evening is nearly over. As the readers leave, then is the time when it is possible to say a few kind words to them, or listen to what they have to tell, as opportunity offers. About nine o'clock, there are only a few soldiers left, belonging to special branches, having permission to be out until ten. It is easier to have a serious talk with them ; and usually, they are easily approached, save some few stubborn ones who think it is good taste to oppose everything that is said.

Finally the room is closed at ten o'clock. May we not reasonably hope that amid these quiet and peaceful surroundings, many a seed may have fallen into a favorable soil, and may bring forth fruit in due time ?

H. STAHLCKER.

Note.—Lately, an evangelist was traveling in Corsica. He came to a village where no one would give him a room in which to hold a meeting, when a young man opened his house to him. He was both astonished and rejoiced to learn that this friend, when serving at Marseilles, had attended our Soldiers' Room ; and wished thus to show his gratitude for the good he had received.

E. LENOIR.

THE DISPENSARY AND NIGHT ASYLUM AT
ST. ETIENNE.

The Dispensary which is, as may be easily understood, an important part of the McAll Mission at St. Etienne, opens its doors twice a week to a varying number of poor people who have learned for many years to appreciate the work done there. The day is commenced, as usual in Medical Mission work, with the reading of God's word and a short address; then the bell rings and the patients enter the consulting room according to their tickets, while a very pious man continues to speak to those waiting their turn. Of course all kinds of maladies are met with—many of which are totally hopeless; but a patient always naturally hopes against hope and after going to many other medical men, somebody tells them as a last resort to try the *Médecin Anglais*. Alas! the *Médecin Anglais* cannot do any more in such cases than his *confrères* and they go away disappointed, but yet with an encouraging word of sympathy. Poor people! they are always much concerned about their bodies, but do not give a thought to their souls. How often have I spoken to them on the subject, but they either listen listlessly or give evasive answers. The conscience and moral intelligence of the Roman Catholic seem to be arrested in their growth, stunted, and all but dead. Their religion consist in baptisms, marriages and burials in their church, every thing else between these events is laid aside or forgotten. Thanks to a perverse and lying religious education they have made up their own opinion on religious matters, so that in most instances a long time must elapse before their eyes are fully opened and they are able to seize fully the truths of the Gospel. Cases of sudden conversions consequently are rare, but such is natural on account of their extreme ignorance. Superstition is exceedingly prevalent as a consequence of their religious teaching. When doctors cannot cure them, they go to fortune-

tellers, of which this town is full, and cartomanciers in whom they have a blind confidence and whose directions they obey to the letter. However *all* are not of this description and the words heard at the Dispensary have been received into really sincere hearts and have brought forth fruit. It would be very sad if it were not so, and if what we *see* is only a part of what exists in reality. The word of God carried to so many homes cannot but produce its effects unseen and unknown by us until the Great Day. I may safely say that more than one-half of our converts have been brought to the Lord through the Dispensary. It was from there they were invited to the evening meetings to hear more of the Salvation Message. And not only that, but subsequently when any are ill they feel that they have a friend to treat them, and consequently they avail themselves largely of my services in that respect. I must, however, use a great deal of circumspection and prudence, as I have made the sad experience that many pretend to be converted in order to obtain my services for nothing. I have to fight against encouraging that sentiment, as it has done a great deal of harm hitherto and given me much disappointment. It was partly for that reason that I resolved on making the Dispensary *self-supporting*. I was inundated with people who did not belong to the class usually observed in Medical Mission work, but because they found that they could get advice and medicine gratis, came to the Dispensary solely on that account and gave but little concern to the Gospel and exhortations addressed to them. Each patient now pays ten cents, and since I have adopted that method the work has been much more appreciated and no decrease in the number of attendants has been remarked. When, however, any one comes too poor to pay he is received, nevertheless; for *nobody is sent away*. It is exceedingly rare, however, in this town to find one of that class, for work in general is very plentiful. The amount I re-

ceive from the patients is not much it is true, but it provides the urgent wants without enabling me, however, to incur extra expense for instruments, appliances, etc. And here I must not forget to thank the American McAll Association for the generous gift of \$72 received lately for the Medical Mission. On the receipt of it I went to a trussmaker and agreed with him to furnish those appliances on a note from me to any of the Dispensary patients requiring one and too poor to pay for it. Consequently a great boon will be conferred; for I have known several workmen obliged to stop work for the want of a bandage.

Four years ago the Lord put it into my mind to establish a night refuge for the numbers of foot-sore travelers who came to this large manufacturing town in search of work. It was a period of great commercial depression also, and the quantity of men idle was alarming. Soup Kitchens were opened by a Roman Catholic Society in the city which were besieged by those poor people possessed with tickets given to them by the public. I invited to one of our Salles a crowd of these poor men, and after speaking to them of the love of God, I gave to each one or two tickets for the following day. Once a week we were assembled in this hall, and it became finally so full that my funds were well nigh exhausted. Having learned accidentally that many of those poor fellows had to sleep in lime kilns or out houses (we were in midwinter), I determined to try to open a Night Refuge, and after much prayer on the subject I set about to look for a suitable gentleman to join me, as, being a foreigner, I knew I could not obtain confidence enough in the town. I knocked at several doors, but met with polite refusals. At last the Lord sent me the right man, a barrister, who, although a Catholic, was liberal enough to join his name with mine in our appeal to the public. The press took the matter up with great enthusiasm, and in four months my desire was realized. The Refuge opened its doors

on the 17th of May, 1886, and ever since, as I have already said, it has given not only a good bed to thirty wayfarers but also a substantial supper and breakfast, all gratuitously. The most recent statistics show that since the opening over 14,000 persons have been thus assisted. In the beginning, however, I had to endure the most bitter attacks on the part of the clerical party who were jealous that a *militant* Protestant and a stranger should have succeeded so well. However, I replied to these attacks, confounding my adversaries, and now all works well. The town has generously contributed to the support of the Asylum, and one or two legacies have assured its maintenance. The Lord's name be praised!

HASTINGS BURROUGHS,

Surgeon, Vice Consul, U. S. A.

St. Etienne, France, February 9, 1890.

PARIS LETTERS.

(EXTRACT. L'EGLISE LIBRE, FEB'Y 7, 1890)

“As to our Parisian Protestantism, it must not be understood that its activity is entirely concentrated in the few families which form a part of its directing force. There is among them much zeal and devotion, and often the spirit of sacrifice; but one encounters quite as much and perhaps more among the lowly and humble. I am certain that the McAll Mission has produced in the midst of this class a kind of religious revival. Thus, little by little, outside the cold, formal limits of the official church, there have been formed groups full of life, animated by a real piety, where the gospel is known, loved and practiced. Let one go to Salle Rivoli, Boulevard Barbès, Rue du Temple, and to many other halls, and he can easily prove what I say. The inestimable service rendered by the honorable Mr. McAll and his friends will have been to have carried the gospel to those whom the churches did not reach. The working classes and people

of very modest means do not feel at home in our *temples* ; they do not come. I do not speak simply of those located in the heart of the city, but also of those in the midst of populous districts. Let one question the pastors of Belleville, Plaisance and Sainte Marie in this regard. The McAll meetings have bridged a chasm, and it would be a great loss to our Protestantism if this work of evangelization should disappear.

I cannot understand the distrust manifested at times by the liberals towards the McAll Mission. Perhaps they do not find it sufficiently penetrated by the modern spirit, sufficiently acquainted with the latest results in scientific theology. It is a fact that, while pretending to simplify, to democratize, the religion of Christ, liberal Protestantism has made of it a sort of aristocracy, accessible only to the *intellectual*.

The speakers in the McAll meetings do not all shine by their knowledge of theology, or even by their intellectual culture ; but they all appear to me to be very well able to present the practical, positive side of Christianity. It is not learned discussions, nor bits of oratory, artistically wrought out, that are to be served to the hearers in the McAll halls ; it seems to me that they appreciate, above all, a simple language, penetrated with the gospel."

A VISIT TO THE CEVENNES.

BY REV. J. E. SOMERVILLE, MENTONE.

(From the Free Church of Scotland Monthly.)

When on my way south to take up the work for the winter at Mentone, I resolved to visit the district of the Western Cevennes, to see some of the fruits of the revival which had been going on for some time, and of which Pastor Martin gave some account at our last Assembly. Starting from Paris with a friend, we proceeded by Orleans and Limoges to Castres, in the department of the Tarn, lying somewhat to the northeast

of Toulouse. Pastor Martin met us at the station, and drove us about thirty kilometres to Vabre, where he labors. The country through which we passed is most beautiful. We wound round the slopes of hills which form a high table land, broken through by great bosses of granite, and intersected by deep, narrow valleys. This was part of the country ravaged by the dragonnades of Louis XIV. Vabre is a little manufacturing town, about fourteen hundred feet above the sea, and has been the centre of the remarkable religious movement that has taken place.

The first manifestation occurred on April 16, 1884, in a little meeting in the country. The Spirit of God laid hold of a woman, producing a deep sense of sin. No special instrumentality beyond the ordinary preaching of the Word and prayer were employed. The awakening spread to Vabre, and from the town over a very considerable district of country, characterized always by a deep conviction of sin. And the great truth which brought relief, and of which the people were never tired of speaking, was "the blood." Many hundreds were brought to a knowledge of the truth, and made profession of faith. Almost immediately on arrival we found ourselves in the church, where a considerable audience awaited us, and before my French tongue had got properly loosened, or rather screwed on, I found myself preaching to a deeply interested audience, whose eyes testified to their sense of the truth spoken. On Saturday night, with the aid of a lantern, we made our way up one of the valleys to a farm, the spot where the movement began, and where it attained great proportions. We found the large farm-kitchen filled to the door with upwards of a hundred people. The rows of eager faces, but partially lighted up by the few candles in that great kitchen, put one in mind of the days when to attend such meetings was almost certain to bring down the heavy sword of the persecutor. On Monday evening we had a similar meeting in a different region,

at a considerable distance. The low black ceiling of the kitchen was hung with yards upon yards of sausages, with big round rye loaves like millstones, and hanks of yarn, for every farm has its loom, which goes all the winter months. In all the meetings the singing was very different from the ordinary slow, dreary singing of the French Protestants. Pastor Martin led with great spirit and vigor translations of the hymns with which Mr. Sankey has enriched the Christian world. After the addresses, he called on any so disposed to pray, when quite a number rose, both young and old men, and women too, whose prayers were even more edifying than those of the men. The number of young men with clear intelligent eyes, who could give, when asked, the very day they passed out of darkness into light, was remarkable. On Sunday we had rather a busy day. The services in Pastor Martin's church (he belongs to the French Free Church) began at ten o'clock, in what is known as a *Réunion fraternelle*. A consecutive course of Bible study is there followed. The first speaker opens up the subject, and is followed by many who take part or pray. This is a most excellent institution, and instructs the people, and makes them study the Word for themselves. Many of our country congregations, and even some others, would be much the better for following such a practice. One old man, who had been a terrible drunkard, and had been recently converted, prayed. The poor old fellow had not liberty in French, and so broke out in his native *patois*, the old Provençal, in which he was eloquent, and which sounded more allied to Spanish than either French or Italian. After this most interesting morning service came the Sunday school; and at two o'clock the regular afternoon service, with sermon. At the close of the service M. Martin announced that the Synod of the Free Church was to meet at Vabre year after next, and that they would begin that very day to

prepare for it by making a collection, to be made at regular intervals. These Protestants have some good sense !

At night M. Cadier, pastor of the large National Protestant Church, asked me to preach for him, promising a large congregation. I occupied his pulpit, and addressed an audience of about six hundred. I had thus four opportunities that day of speaking to the people. The blessing continues to be experienced, though not in such a lively degree as at the beginning, and it has spread to different towns round about. Pastor Martin is a laborious minister, and is greatly beloved by his people. He has some fifteen villages in the neighborhood where he holds regular meetings.

It is said that the people of the Cevennes are the descendants of the ancient Gauls, their blood being free from the tinge of Roman or Frank, Vandal or Goth, and that Protestantism has got a firmer hold of that section of the population than of others more mixed. The physiognomies and heads are certainly different from the ordinary Frenchman's.

Let us pray that what has occurred at Vabre may spread over the rest of France ; and that as Pastor Martin goes about telling what the Lord has done in his district, his messages may be blessed to France, as they have been already blessed to Switzerland.

NOTES FROM VERSAILLES.

There is one part, the dark spot of the town, the centre of all moral defilement, known as " La Petite Place." No decent man or woman is supposed to be seen there, and yet there are many such compelled to live in its unhallowed precincts through severe poverty. My steps are at times directed here. Cost what it may, even these black sheep must hear the Shepherd's voice. One shudders to recall the sights one sees. A recent Sunday found me there again. Not a soul was to be seen in the streets, save the Sergeant de Ville,

who informed me that I would not find a "bon Dieu" there. "I know that," said I, "but I am bringing him." Was it really my name I heard pleasantly pronounced? Yes, it was, and there, at the tip-top of a house, I saw a woman who waved her hand and cried, "Stop a moment, dear lady; I am coming down," and down she came, greeting me cordially as an old acquaintance. I had seen her before, but it was impossible for me to remember where. I was grieved to damp her kindly ardor, so was compelled to manœuvre a bit. I found she was one of the women attending the mothers' meeting. "See there," she kept shouting out, "it is Mme. Astley." Windows were opened and women came down. None too pure, I fear, but not of the worst class. Tracts and Gospels made freely their blessed way. It was a tiny open-air meeting. Everybody was so pleased. But what was that I saw popping out now and then from behind a big fat woman half filling an entry door? Going up I found a young woman who had once perhaps been the apple of a mother's eye, but what was she now? I took her hand and spoke tenderly to her. Her eyes seemed turned to stone, but there was a twitching about the mouth. Had she seen me before? I spoke to her of Jesus, of His almighty power to save, of His infinite love and compassion. All He wanted was a sorrow for and a giving up of sin. Thousands who were once like her were in heaven to-day, only they repented and forever gave up their sin. "I will pray for you, my dear." "Oh, do, madame," said she, "for in the life I lead I have need to be prayed for." "Then why don't you give it up once and forever?" She turned, and raising those awful eyes to my face, said, "Madame, I will try to follow your advice." "What is your name?" "Martha." "Good-bye; may God help you. I shall pray for you, Martha," and so I do.

M. T. ASTLEY.

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I do give, devise and bequeath to the American McAll Association the sum of _____ dollars.

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